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No. 396

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# Uncle Jed's Fidelity ; —OR— The Returned Cowboy.

A COMEDY DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

**Bert C. Rawley,**

*Author of "An Aristocratic Gent," "Trivie," "Badly Mixed," "Our Summer Boarders," "Deacon Jones' Wife's Ghost," "Stupid Cupid," etc., etc.*

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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AMES' PUBLISHING CO.,  
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AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

218983

UNCLE JED'S FIDELITY.  
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PS 2676  
R426

COL. GEOFFERY WESTERN,..... *A stern parent.*  
 JEDEDIAH WESTERN,..... *Known as "Uncle Jed."*  
 JAMES SHELDEN,..... *(Poet Jimmy) a jolly cowboy.*  
 ROBERT SHELDEN,..... *In love with Isabel.*  
 DONALD REEVES,..... *A snake in the grass.*  
 PEREGRINE SPLATTER,..... *A man with bright ideas.*  
 JASPER,..... *A colored gem'man.*  
 OFFICER.....  
 ISABEL WESTERN,..... *Col. Western's daughter.*  
 CHARITY,..... *The woman in black.*  
 POLLY,..... *In sympathy with Jimmy.*

—x—  
2579

TIME OF PLAYING—1 hour and 45 minutes.

—x—

COSTUMES—Moderate

—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand;  
 C., Center; S. E., (2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance;  
 M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right  
 of Center; L. C., Left of Center,

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

\*\* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

A.M. 75 Aug. 27.

# UNCLE JED'S FIDELITY.

## ACT I.

*SCENE.*—A nicely furnished room in the residence of GEOFFREY WESTERN—sofa R., chairs R. and L., table C., R. and L. entrance, door up C., curtained—POLLY seated at table, holding photograph of JAMES.

*Polly.* (throws photo on floor, face downward, pouting) There! I shan't never look at his face again; cause—cause—he don't love me. If he did, he'd write oftener. If he only knew how nice I've kept his photograph, perhaps he'd love me, but he's gone way off down in Mexico, to fight the Indians and become a cowboy, and left me all alone to die. (crys) Boohoo! (drops head on table)

*Enter, JASPER, C. E., does not see POLLY.*

*Jasper.* It do beat all time whar' dat gal—(sees POLLY) Oh! dar she am. I say Polly, dars a—Polly! Polly! (she does not answer) Now don't go for to play possum on dis chile; I've got good news foh you, sartin suah.

*Polly.* (jumps up, JASPER jumps) Oh! it's you, is it! (starts toward him)

*Jasper.* (faintly) Yes, ma'am. Dars a—

*Polly.* (interrupts) And you purposely disturbed me?

*Jasper.* But dars a—

*Polly.* (interrupts) I was engaged in computing the cost of a new bonnet, and now you—(starts toward him) you insulting black scoundrel, have put me to the trouble of reckoning it over again.

*Jasper.* Drefful sorry, ma'am, but dars a man to de door who wants to see you.

*Polly.* A man, eh? What is he, life insurance, toilet soap, patent medicine, or what? Drive him away, quick, I say, or I'll call a policeman!

*Jasper.* But, I tell you Miss Polly—

*Polly.* You've already told enough, sir! Go, tell him that he can go, sir! (JASPER at door) Be sure and watch him, and see that he don't mark the door post, for they do say that tramps mark the door posts, so the whole tribe will stop.

*Jasper.* (at door) I don't keer if he tears de hul house down. Dis is de las' time I'll eber do a favor for you—

*Polly.* (starts toward door) Shut up! (exit, JASPER, C. E.) That nigger will soon learn that I am capable of attending to my own

affairs. (*sits again*) Oh! if my brave Jimmy had only been here to protect me. (*drops head on table, sighs*)

*Enter, JAMES SHELDEN, C. E., dressed as a cowboy, stops on seeing POLLY.*

*James.* "Ah! there she sits in sweet repose,  
Bless her dear little heart;  
With cheeks like the blooming rose,  
And kisses as sweet as cranberry tarts."

Ahem! (*POLLY jumps up*)

*Polly.* How came you here, sir! and who are you?

*James.* I came in the door, madam, and—

*Polly.* (*aside*) Oh! that voice, it's James! (*rushes to him, embraces*) Oh! James, is it really you?

*James.* (*pushes her away, feigning surprise*) Ah! Miss—ah—I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am a married man—

*Polly.* (*screams*) Then you're not my James?

*James.* Only an insurance agent, madam, in whose face you instructed the servant to slam the door.

*Polly.* (*nervous*) Am sorry, I'm sure, but the servant is so stupid, he might have mistaken my meaning. Then you're not James?

*James.* I declare, madam, I'm not used to such sentimental treatment. I think 'twould not be best to insure you. You are slightly demented, I am sure.

*Polly.* (*picks up photo, looks at it—aside*) Oh! dear, what a resemblance, (*sighs*) but then it's not James.

*James.* Ah! you have a photograph of James, eh? Who is this James, some lover you have jilted, and now repent of your folly?

*Polly.* No sir! I did not jilt him, but he left me and went West, and became a cowboy, the mean thing, to think of his fighting Indians. I never shall love him any more. (*drops photo*)

*James.* But supposing he loves you just the same, and has remained true to you

*Polly.* Well, I don't know such to be the case—

*James.* Well Polly, such is the case. He loves you the same as of yore. Come to this manly bosom.

(*POLLY rushes to him, they embrace*)

*Polly.* Oh! Jimmy, how could you deceive me so?

*James.* Well, Polly, why did you order me away from the house. Answer my question and I will answer yours.

*Polly.* Oh! well, I didn't know—

*James.* That it was me. Oh! it's all right, Polly; but I've heaps to tell you, of hair breadth escapes, bloodcurdling scenes, enacted on the broad and boundless prairie. (*strikes attitude*)

Oh! the prairie, the prairie,  
They do such things, they say such things,  
Of many a tragedy, a tragedy  
My oily tongue could sing,  
Of cowboys, bold,  
On fiery steeds, erect,  
Seeking riches manifold,  
In a manner you'd ne'er suspect.

*Polly.* Poetry of your own composition James?

*James.* Yes, Polly, my own fertile brain, concocted that nonsense. I used to be called "Poet Jimmy" in the camp. Oh! I've got so much to tell you. Come with me out under those spreading maples and a strange tale I will unfold.

*Polly.* Delightful! and while you tell it, we'll imagine we're on the broad and boundless prairie. *(exunt, R. E.)*

*Enter, ROBERT SHELDEN and ISABEL WESTERN, C. E.*

*Robert.* I don't know, Isabel, what ails me, but I feel cross and irritable just now, more like a savage than anything else, since seeing your father.

*Isabel.* Oh, Robert!

*Robert.* But I feel that way, Isabel, and a feeling of hatred comes over me, when I think how badly he has used me.

*Isabel.* But Robert—

*Robert.* *(sits L.)* I know it's wrong to talk to you about your father in this manner, but I can't help it, it is best that you should know the attitude he assumes toward me, so if the worst comes—

*Isabel.* But Robert, you're not going to leave me? What did father say to pain you so?

*Robert.* What didn't he say! Everything that was mean and insulting, and he actually called me a fool.

*Isabel.* But Robert, does that make you one?

*Robert.* No, but it's rather embarrassing to be styled such, and all for nothing, and Isabel, he even called me a beggar, and said that when he had a daughter to give to a beggar, he'd let me know.

*(noise outside)*

*Isabel.* Oh! Robert, father is returning. Go, for it would not be best to meet him again.

*Robert.* But would it not be best for me to stay and—

*Isabel.* No! Go, if you have any respect for me.

*(exit, ROBERT, C. E.)*

*Enter, GEOFFERY WESTERN, R. E., in riding habit, just as ROBERT exits.*

*Geoffery.* *(c., removing gloves)* Ah! my dear, so you have had company during my absence?

*Isabel.* Yes sir! a gentleman called.

*Geoff.* A gentleman! I thought it was Robert Shelden making a hasty exit as I entered.

*Isabel.* It was Robert, father.

*Geoff.* I thought he would not call here again, after the very plain hint I gave him recently.

*Isabel.* He told me all.

*Geoff.* Oh! he did. Well, is it his intention to keep up these calls, as you choose to style them?

*Isabel.* I don't know, I'm sure.

*Geoff.* Well, Isabel, it is high time that this foolish infatuation was brought to an abrupt close.

*Isabel.* *(rising)* But father—

*Geoff.* I say this nonsense has gone far enough. Shelden is a good fellow, but he is poor as poverty. My child, I have selected your future husband. His name is Donald Reeves. Make up your mind to accept your father's choice.

*(exit, L. E.)*

*Isabel.* Marry Donald Reeves, a man who drives fast horses and

has plenty of money, which he does not gain honorably, I know. Never! I am determined.

*Enter, POLLY, C. E.*

*Polly.* Oh! Miss Isabel, did you see him?

*Isabel.* Of whom are you speaking?

*Polly.* Why Jim, of course. Why you ought to know Jim, he's Robert's brother.

*Isabel.* So James has returned. Well, has his cowboy life agreed with him?

*Polly.* Oh yes, hugely, and he's got to be a sort of a poet.

*Isabel.* Indeed! but where is James?

*Polly.* Just what I came to tell you. He is in the kitchen and he wants to see you awfully bad, and I know he will recite some poetry for you.

*Isabel.* Very well, we will go down.

*(exeunt, R. E.—great disturbance outside)*

*Jedediah. (outside)* Don't mind me, I kin find the way. Je hokey! them stairs are tough on a fellers corns though!

*Enter, JASPER and JEDEDIAH WESTERN, R. E., who is carrying a bag and a jug.*

*Jasper.* Dar sah! dis am whar you wish to stop, I spect?

*Jed.* Don't mind me, I kin get along all right, although it's a little awkward in high sarsity. I suppose this is your business, showin' folks around these premises? Well, don't mind me, I kin take keer of myself. I reckon. Jes take this jug of butter milk—Isabel is fond of slap-jacks, I know, and this bag of early-rose potatoes down inter the kitchen, and if you should happen to see Geoffery on yer way down, send him up. Don't mind me, I kin take keer of myself.

*Jasper. (takes jug and bag)* Yes sah. *(exit, C. E.)*

*Jed.* Well by hokey, Geoffery's made a reglar palace out of this are residence. *(sits in easy chair, bounds up)* Oh! don't mind me, I kin get used to it.

*Enter, ISABEL, L. E.*

*Isabel.* Oh! Uncle Jed, I am so glad you came. We did not expect you. *(kisses him)*

*Jed.* No, I did come kinder sudden like. I get funny ideas once in awhile, but don't mind me. You see I had some business ter do in town, so I thought I'd drop in, thinkin' perhaps you might be glad ter see your old uncle. *(sits)*

*Isabel.* Glad! Of course we're glad. How are things on the farm and about the mill? How well I remember the pleasant hours I've spent there.

*Jed.* Yes, child, it uster please me ter see you enjoy yourself, but I'm gettin old and gray, but don't mind me, come up again. How well I remember the time you and that Robert Sheldon came up there. He was a mighty nice fellow, *(ISABEL turns away)* and I sorter reckoned he thought a heap of you; but don't mind me, if I



say so.

(ISABEL sighs)

*Isabel.* Yes, Uncle Jed, I remember that happy day, but I fear—

*Jed.* Sorter soured on ye, has he? That's bad child. Remember the course of true love never did run smooth.

*Isabel.* Oh! how true, Uncle Jed, but I presume you wish to see father, I will go and find him.

*Jed.* Don't mind me, child, there ain't no hurry.

*Isabel.* But I know you wish to see him. (at c. e., aside) Oh! if Uncle only knew my trouble: (exit, c. e.)

*Jed.* Somethin' wrong with that gal. Can't be that fellow has soured on her. So she's gone fer her father. I wonder how he will receive me? It's one year ago to-day since we had that infernal disagreement.

Enter, GEOFFERY, c. e.

(JEDDIAH rises, extends hand, which GEOFFERY refuses) Well I declare, brother, you're lookin' hale an' hearty as kin be.

*Geoff.* Yes, Isabel informed me that you wished to see me. (sits)

*Jed.* Yes, I wanted to talk over old times, an' tell of the changes up near the ole homestead. (sits)

*Geoff.* Now look here brother, drop that subject at once. You have got the old homestead and it does not interest me one bit.

*Jed.* Then you ain't got over yer foolishness of a year ago. Well, don't mind me, but you should have more respect for your old home.

*Geoff.* Respect, eh! for a home from which I was literally driven.

*Jed.* You're wrong, Geoffery, 'twas your infernal stubbornness which caused you ter leave on yer own accord.

*Geoff.* So be it. We'll not quarrel again. We can't agree, never could.

*Jed.* I allus agreed, but you was too flighty, but don't mind me. Suppose I'd quarrel with my own brother? Not much! Our positions in life are different. You seek society and it's pleasures, I seek the quiet life in the old homestead; but don't mind me, I kin take care of myself. Do you know brother, I have set by the old mill stream, many a time, and watched the rollin' waters pass. "The mill will never grind with the water that has passed." You've said a good many harsh words about the old homestead and your poor old father, (GEOFFERY uneasy) who done all that a father kin do fer a son, an' your high ambition an' discontent has brought ye ter what ye are.

*Geoff.* Jed, we can not afford to quarrel again, but be careful lest this interview terminate in such.

*Jed.* We won't quarrel. I've never talked plain ter you before, but don't mind me. There'll come a time when the curse will come home ter ye, Geoffery. Remember brother, I bear you no ill will, I've just gave ye plain advice. Perhaps you may think it a fool's advice, but don't mind me.

*Geoff.* (rises) No advice is necessary, Jed. I have always managed my own affairs properly, I think, and have never been dictated to by others. (at c. e.) If you wish to give advice, give it where it is needed. (exit, c. e.)

*Jed.* It's impossible for us to agree. He's gone agin, and I'd planned to tell him so much, (rises) but he won't hear to it. This is

no place for me, the old homestead with it's happy memories is where I belong. Geoffry might think the same as I, but he is too proud, and he can't realize the true happiness there is in brotherly love. Yes, I'll go back to the old home, and toil on until death shall release me. (*starts toward c. e.*) But don't mind me, I kin take keer of myself. (at c. e.)

*Enter, ISABEL, C. E., meets JEDEDIAH.*

*Isabel.* Why Uncle Jed, you're not going already?

*Jed. (confused)* Yes, girl, I'd 'bout made up my mind ter go home.

*Isabel.* But I thought you were going to stay a few days?

*Jed.* I did cal'late too, Isabel, but I got to—to thinkin' perhaps they'd need me at home. You kin live jes as happy here without me.

*Isabel.* We might be happy, Uncle Jed, but father is so queer, at times, I cannot understand him. He has taken such a liking to Donald Reeves of late, Uncle. Do you know I can't like that man, and he professes to love me.

*Jed.* My child, your Uncle Jed is getting to be an old man, an' he's found out good many ways of the wicked world. There's a Supreme Being watchin' over you day after day, an' he'll see that justice is done. "Let not your heart be troubled," the good book says.

*Isabel.* But Uncle, I could never become Donald Reeve's wife.

(REEVES appears at c. e., stops and listens)

*Jed. (turns about)* Donald Reeves wife, eh! God forbid, child! I'd rather see you dead than become the wife of Donald Reeves, a speculator in horses, a gambler.

*Enter, DONALD REEVES, C. E.,*

*Donald. (steps c.)* See here, you are using my name rather freely. (ISABEL steps back)

*Jed.* Oh! don't mind me, Reeves, I hain't forgot how you pizened that horse over ter the Fair, simply because you thought your horse stood no chance to win.

*Donald.* 'Tis false, sir! and your gray hairs is all that saves you from a good horse whipping, for such a base insinuation. Ah! excuse me, Miss Isabel, I had forgotten your presence.

(ISABEL turns away)

*Jed.* Don't mind me, Reéves, but it's my opinion, that if you don't mend your ways, you'll be choked to death by the hangmen's rope.

*Isabel.* Uncle, it is my desire that this unpleasant intérvue be brought to a close.

*Donald.* Yes, Miss Isabel, I am sorry that your Uncle has such an unpleasant opinion of me. I trust I shall be able to vindicate myself. Now Miss Isabel, I desire to speak with you alone on a subject of vital importance.

*Isabel.* Mr. Reeves, I am fully aware of the object of this visit, and it will give me great pleasure if you will leave us.

*Jed.* Yes, I know ther object of your visit, Donald Reeves! Now, that you see that yer not wanted, why don't you leave?

*Donald.* Ah! Miss Isabel, I see that you believe your Uncle's

words in regard to my character, but I hope I shall be able to show to your worthy Uncle and the world, that I am a gentleman.

*Jed.* I have told this innocent child what I know to be true. Do you suppose I would lie to one so near and dear to me? Never! you had better leave the house, Reeves, and save further trouble.

*Donald.* Your brother shall know of this base insult, and I refuse to leave the room at your bidding, sir! but if Miss Isabel desires it, I'll do so.

*Isabel.* I have no desire to drive my father's guest from underneath his roof. Remember Donald Reeves, you're not my guest. I will leave the room instead.

*Donald.* But, Miss Isabel, will you allow me to accompany you?

*Jed.* Not much, sir! (*gives arm to ISABEL*) I'm not to old yet ter take keer of the young and innocent, when a serpent lies in their pathway. Good-day, Reeves. (*exit, ISABEL and JEDEDIAH, L. E.*)

*Donald.* Curse that man's interference! The pretty Isabel must be handled carefully, but I trust the victory will be mine at last, (*CHARITY appears at C. E., heavily veiled, DONALD sits c.*) and yet there must be careful plotting, and—

*Enter, CHARITY, C. E., comes down.*

*Charity.* Kind sir! could you direct me—(*DONALD jumps up amazed, CHARITY falls back*) Ah! so it's you, Claude Demont.

*Donald.* Claud Demont! Who dare's speak that name. (*confused*) Why, my lady, theré is some mistake, I fear—I—I know of no such a person.

*Charity.* Oh! don't add another falsehood to the list. I'd know that face among a thousand. Can a woman fail to recognize her own husband? (*throws up veil*)

*Donald.* Margaret Demont!

*Charity.* Yes, Margaret Demont, your lawfully wedded wife.

*Donald.* Sh! some one might hear!

*Charity.* What care I, who hears! I have searched for you for years, enduring untold hardships, and now that I have found you, I mean to make you suffer?

*Donald.* Ah! foolish woman, you're insane! I know you not! I will call the servants and have you put out.

*Charity.* Let us go back a few years, to the scene of a crime. Two men are struggling on the ground, one of them old and decrepit, the other young and strong. It is an unequal combat. The white haired man is murdered in cold blood. Do you recognize the picture, Claude Demont!

*Donald.* Hush, woman! Why do you come here to mock me?

*Charity.* I come not to mock you, but for another purpose. I have it in my power to send you to the gallows. (*drops veil*)

*Donald.* You lie, you she devil! You are an imposter! Begone, I say!

*Charity.* My revenge is near at hand, Claude Demont!

*Donald.* (*grasps her by the throat*) I'll choke out your miserable life.

Enter, PEREGRINE SPLATTER, C. E., quickly, with card on back, which reads, "Peregrine Splatter, Patent Pending."

*Peregrine.* Don't do it, it's risky! (DONALD jumps back)

*Charity.* (at door) We'll meet again, sir! (exit, C. E.)

*Donald.* Well sir! who and what are you?

*Per.* (turns around, showing back) Dear sir! I am the inventor and patentee of this unique sign board. Necessity compelled me to employ this simple means of introduction. But say, you seemed badly confused here a moment ago. I know women like to be squeezed, but not so roughly. Who was that lady?

*Donald.* An insane woman. It is necessary to use violence at times, to restrain her.

*Per.* Oh! well, poor women, she is to be pitied. I was once crazy after the girls; but now I have the greatest abhorrence for the whole female population, since I have a beloved mother-in-law. You live here, I suppose?

*Donald.* No, but my home is near by.

*Per.* Well, perhaps you can give me information of the whereabouts of Donald Reeves?

*Donald.* I answer to that name, sir!

*Per.* (offers to shake hands) Glad to see you, I am sure.

*Donald.* (refuses hand) Never shake hands with strangers, sir!

*Per.* Did you ever know Dan Fox?

*Donald.* (startled) Dan Fox! But your not Dan Fox?

*Per.* Only by proxy. You see, Dan has passed in his checks and transferred all outstanding accounts to me. We were chums when he died.

*Donald.* Yes, I used to know him when I resided in the West, as a jolly good fellow, but hateful and revengeful if provoked.

*Per.* And you used to know an old gentleman by the name of Romanie?

*Donald.* (rises quickly) No sir!

*Per.* (putting feet up on table) Now look here, friend Reeves, I understand you perfectly. Now you murdered old Romanie—

*Donald.* Silence, sir! I demand an explanation of this farce, sir! Who are you?

*Per.* You will find my autograph on my back. As for your past life, I can give a complete history of the same from the time of your marriage and murder of old Romanie. Dan Fox imparted the same to me on his death bed.

*Donald.* (aside) Another stumbling block. (aloud) And you have never told it?

*Per.* Never, sir!

*Donald.* What is your object in coming here?

*Per.* I am collecting old coins, sir! that are not older than 1812, so if you have any later than that date, will give you value received, for the same.

*Donald.* Money, eh? How much will it take to purchase your silence?

*Per.* Two thousand dollars, payable in monthly installments of five hundred dollars, and then if there is any odd jobs you wish done, just enough for exercise, yours truly will be on hand.

*Donald.* (reaches in pocket, hands roll of bills) Well, there's two hundred. That woman you saw in here, was my wife, Margaret!

I want her out of the way at once.

*Per.* Well, if I hadn't happened along just as I did, I wouldn't have had this job, eh! Reeves?

*Donald.* Hush! someone is coming this way, we must not be seen here.

*Per.* Lead on Hercules, I'll follow! (*aside*) And pluck you at last.  
(*exeunt, C. E.*)

*Enter, ROBERT and GEOFFERY, C. E.*

*Robert.* (*lays hat on table*) That is the way you think to conquer her? You are a brave man to thus impose upon a helpless girl! What do you mean, sir?

*Geoff.* I mean that this silly nonsense of a love affair between you and my daughter must be stopped. A marriage between you two is impossible.

*Robert.* But tell me, Mr. Western, is Donald Reeves a favored suitor?

*Geoff.* Yes sir! so far as I am concerned, and Isabel will think differently of him in time.

*Robert.* And you consider this an honorable transaction, to thus barter your daughter and wreck her future happiness?

*Geoff.* Donald will make an excellent husband—

*Robert.* I tell you he is a villain; I believe you both in league with the evil one, to drag Isabel to an early grave.

*Geoff.* This is a serious charge, Shelden, have a care, lest you say too much.

*Robert.* Too much cannot be said. I repeat, Donald Reeves is a villain and a scoundrel.

*Geoff.* And I say, Robert Shelden, you are a fool, and not worthy of the notice of an honorable man.

*Robert.* Mr. Western, your gray hairs alone protect you. I have listened to your taunts of late, till—

*Geoff.* (*grasps ROBERT by throat*) We'll not mind the gray hairs, sir!

*Robert.* (*raising fist*) Release me, sir! or I'll forget that you're an old man.

*Enter, ISABEL, C. E., quickly.*

*Isabel.* Father! Robert!

(*They fall back*)

*Robert.* (*joins ISABEL*) Ah! forgive me, Isabel, for such conduct, but your father's words angered me so.

*Isabel.* I forgive you, Robert.

*Geoff.* Isabel, you have seen your father insulted in his own house, by the reprobate you choose to love. What think you now of him? Is he worthy of your love?

*Robert.* Mr. Western, place the blame where it belongs.

*Isabel.* Father, is Robert alone to blame?

*Geoff.* So you wish to shield him, eh! Very well, once more, which will you love, respect and obey, me or Robert Shelden?

*Robert.* No, Colonel Western, she shall not—

*Geoff.* (*interrupting*) We have heard from you, sir! My daughter, if it is your intention to cling to that reprobate, you are no longer a child of mine. You may leave my house forever!

(ISABEL weeps on ROBERT'S bosom

*Enter, JEDEDIAH, C. E., with jug, sets same down.*

*Jed.* I'm goin' folks, thought I'd drop in an' bid you all good-bye. Why Isabel, what's the meaning of those tears?

*Geoff.* It means that young coward has whispered words of love in her ears, until he has made a fool of her, and has compelled me to disown my only child. She is no longer a child of mine.

*Jed.* What! And you the man I've called brother all these years, disown your only child, who is as pure as the lily? Shame upon such a man!

*Geoff.* I am determin'd! Go, I say! both of you, and may I never set eyes on you again!

*Robert.* No, Colonel Western, she shall never become my wife until you give your consent, and I shall prove to you that I am worthy of her.

*Jed.* Brave boy, Robert.

*Geoff.* *(quickly)* You too uphold them in their deviltry! Back to the old farm is the place for you!

*Jed.* Yes, back to the old homestead I'll go, Geoffery, where you should have staid and perhaps this sad scene never would have happened.

*Geoff.* No more preaching! I am waiting for you to go!

*Isabel.* *(coming down)* Oh! father, how sad my poor mother in heaven must feel, as she looks down upon this scene.

*Geoff.* Don't touch me, ungrateful girl! Go, I say!

*(she falls in JEDEDIAH'S arms*

*Jed.* Yes, Geoffery, she shall go, and to my home. It's not one of luxury, but she shall receive the best of care. You've played the fool Geoffery, and when this fool Donald Reeves, has dragged you down, you'll repent and seek your Isabel. I'll keep her for you, brother, as pure as if she were my own child, until you call for her.

### TABLEAU.

ROBERT L., *with head down*, ISABEL *at door*, *with JEDEDIAH, sadly gazing back*, GEOFFERY *defiant*.

### CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE II.—*The interior of UNCLE JED'S flour mill, barrels and bags piled R. and L.—upper entrance, R. and L. entrances—window at back, through which may be seen a large water-wheel*

*Enter, JEDEDIAH and JAMES, C. E.*

*Jed.* Well, James, so you've got through shootin' injuns, eh?

*James.* You bet, Mr. Western, there's more desirable occupations open for strong robust fellows like myself.

*Jed.* I allus said, Jim, that you was built for somethin' more elevatin' than an' injun fighter. Don't mind me, but sometimes folks get slipped up in their expectations.

*James.* Sure enough, Mr. Western; but there's many a youth taken the course I did. Dime novels led me into this life, and I took a hand at it.

*Jed.* Yes, you remember Seth Franklin, used to live neighbor to me, used to spend his time writing on "How to be a successful farmer," and his farm went to rack an' ruin in ther meantime. He finally busted up an' started for the West, all of a sudden, an' he's never been heard from since.

*James.* Singular that was; but do you know, Mr. Western, I met a man in my travels, that reminded me very much of Seth Franklin, but of course it wasn't him. He went by the name of Dan Fox, I think.

*Enter, PEREGRINE, C. E., quickly-*

*Per. (c.)* Dan Fox, eh! Knew him, did you? (*aside*) Jimmy Shelden, as sure as fate.

*Jed.* We ain't in the habit of bein' interrupted by strangers, sir!

*Per.* 'Twas a breach of etiquette, I'll allow. I'll introduce myself. (*turns back*) This simple means of introduction is my own invention, of which I am the sole owner, manufacturer and retailer. Now that I'm introduced, I'll proceed at once. You were speaking of Dan Fox, I believe?

*James.* Yes sir! and a right smart fellow he was; I saved his life once.

*Per.* Did, eh! You never can do it again. He's gone, passed in his checks, in other words, dead. We were chums for months, until at last he was called to his last rest. But I'm off again. Excuse me for interrupting, but I was passing by and overheard Dan's name, and so I stepped in. Good-day. (*exit, c. e., quickly*)

*Jed.* Thunder and bees wax, but he's a queer sort of a critter.

*James.* Well I should say, undoubtedly slightly demented, but do you know, Mr. Western, I came near forgetting what I came here for this morning.

*Jed.* Oh well, don't mind me, I don't want ter keep yer—

*James.* No, no, I came up to look over the mill.

*Jed.* Did, eh? Well then you shall see it. Come right along, I kin show you every nook an' corner. (*exeunt, R. E.*)

*Enter, ROBERT, C. E.*

*Robert.* "He'll not have her marry a beggar!" How those cruel words ring in my ears. Never before did I realize that there was a gulf between Isabel and I—the wretched gulf of poverty. Oh! if there was only some way for me to acquire wealth, (*CHARITY appears at C. E.*) perhaps it might result in our speedy marriage.

*Enter, CHARITY, C. E., comes down.*

*Charity.* Talk not of wealth my lad, 'tis a curse. (*ROBERT backs off*) Don't stare at me so, my lad, I am harmless. I know your secret—and as for the girl, she loves you dearly. Are you a coward, that you sit idle, and behold the girl you love, ruined by a serpents sting? Come, arise, while you are loitering, your wealthy rival is doing all in his power to ruin your prospects.

*Robert.* Woman, are you mad?

*Charity.* No, I came to warn you that there is a serpent in your path, which if not removed, will sting you to death. I warn you to watch the man whom you hate.

*Robert.* Ah! woman, what can you know [in regard to Donald Reeves?

*Charity.* Enough to send him to the gallows. 'Tis a sad story. To-day I know your secret, to-morrow you shall know mine. Meet me to-morrow in the woodland below here, and I will tell you my secret, (*starts to go*)

*Robert.* But madam, why not disclose the same—

*Charity.* No, do not detain me, I can disclose no more.

(*exit, C. E.*)

*Robert.* A mysterious woman! She has gone. If I only knew the mystery, but I shall know all to-morrow.

*Enter, DONALD, C. E.,*

*Donald.* Ah! Shelden, so you still cling to the fair Isabel? We thought you could take the hint without the kick.

*Robert.* I still have the same kind regard for her, and perhaps I love her—what is that to you?

*Donald.* But Shelden, can you not see that you're not wanted?

*Robert.* Colonel Western has seen fit to despise me on account of my poverty, but Isabel still remains true.

*Donald.* But have you never thought that she might, in time, learn to love another?

*Robert.* Impossible, sir!

*Donald.* Stranger things than that have happened, Shelden. The dear Colonel already favors me, and I count that half the game.

*Robert.* Donald Reeves, your true character reveals itself; and thus you would trifle with a woman's heart!

*Donald.* I shall do as I choose. I shall court the fair damsel and who knows but what the courtship may end in marriage, eh! Shelden?

*Robert.* (*sternly*) I swear it never shall, Donald Reeves!

*Donald.* Don't work yourself into a passion, Shelden. "All's fair in love and war!" You know my intentions, Shelden, now make the most of them.

*Robert.* Do you suppose, Donald Reeves, I will stand by with folded arms and allow you to blast my fondest hopes, and ruin the one I love? Never, sir!

*Donald.* (*sneering*) Brave lad, I'm sure.

*Robert.* Now you know my intentions, make the most of them!

*Donald.* We will understand each other at once, Shelden. Is it war or peace? It is for you to say.

*Robert.* War sir! to the bitter end.

*Donald.* (*starting toward L. E.*) Very well! Look ye well to your intentions. (*exit, L. E.*)

*Robert.* A snake in the grass, indeed. How can Colonel Western ever tolerate his presence, and to think that he intends him to marry Isabel. No, he shall not, I'll take her away from this place at once. But where would I go? Again that terrible gulf of poverty yawns before me. It is more than I can bear. (*exit, R. E.*)



*Enter, JEDEDIAH and JAMES, L. E.*

*James.* I'm a thousand times obliged for your trouble, Mr. Western.

*Jed.* Don't mind me, James, nothin' else to do to-day. The old mill has ceased it's clattering for a time, as the mill is bein' repaired. Come over ag'in, an' there's a heap more things I'd like ter show ye. an' there's your brother Rob., I've taken an orful likin' to him of late, bring him long too. He'll enjoy it.

*James.* Don't know Jed, about that. He seems terribly despondent of late. The treatment he has received at your brother's hands, has completely unbalanced him. I suppose Isabel is nearly heart broken?

*Jed.* Yes, bless her heart, for two or three days she was dreadfully despondent. James, there's an allwise providence watchin' over us. Sometimes the clouds gather thick an' fast. This matter will straighten out in time, an' we'll all be happy. I feel it in my bones.

*James.* I hope so, Mr. Western, I hope so.

*Jed.* The course of true love never did run smooth. I tell ye James, this love makin' is worse than the cholera morbus.

*James.* Yes, but I like a little mixed in with the cholera morbus at intervals.

*Jed.* (*laughs*) Don't mind me, Jim, I was young myself once; but say, I've got the finest lookin' lot of squashes you ever sot eyes on. I've got two picked out to take to the fair this fall, an' if they don't take a premium, then I don't know. Come on au' I'll show 'em to ye. (*exeunt, R. E.*)

*Enter, DONALD and PEREGRINE, C. E.*

*Donald.* Now look here, Splatter, that accursed woman must be got out of the way, or not another cent do you get. She will spoil all my plans.

*Per.* (*sits*) You're a brilliant plotter, Reeves. I admire your tact. Do you know, if it were left to me to decide which had the most brains, you or a jack-ass, I should say—

*Donald.* (*interrupting*) Sir!

*Per.* (*rising*) You had, of course. You don't belong to the four footed race, and of course, should not be classed as such. Now in regard to the money business; I could use another thousand very handily.

*Donald.* What! Me give you another thousand? Never, sir! What have you done since I gave you the other thousand? Absolutely nothing!

*Per.* Ah! you forget that I have kept this organ closed (*points to mouth*) and saved you from the gallows.

*Donald.* (*sneering*) But who would believe such an unlikely story? I have influence in this community, sir! and they would not believe your story.

*Per.* But suppose the woman in black—your wife, should choose to corroborate my story, what then Reeves? Better hand over the money and let the matter drop.

*Donald.* (*throws money at him*) Take it, but I tell you, it's the last cent you'll get—till—till you put that accursed woman out of my pathway forever! (*exit, R. E.*)

*Per.* (*picking up money*) Another draw on the bank! All green-backs too, but how that (*mocking*) accursed woman does bother Reeves. I can't see how a man can hate his wife so; but he wants her out of the way, eh? By jove! I have it! Why not put her to sleep, so to speak, I have some reputation as a hypnotist, and then drag her to some secluded spot, and leave her to die of starvation. (*shakes himself*) Why! 'tis a sickly mess, but I'll do it, even if it costs me my—reputation. Ah! someone approaches, I'll conceal myself. Perhaps 'tis my victim. (*hides behind barrels, R.*)

*Enter, JASPER, C. E.*

*Jasper.* Dis chile nebber felt so much like committin' suicide or blackmail as I do dis minute. Since Miss Isabel done left, Polly has done noffin' but cry an' take on de hull time, an' Massa Western, he's so cross; but I do think he's goin' to repent of his rashness, an' welcome Miss Isabel back ag'in! If he did, wouldn't dis chile rejoice dough? Well I recollect—

*Per.* (*looks out, aside*) Ah! 'tis a dark subject, but I'll try my powers over him, and if I succeed, so much the better. (*comes down, looking at JASPER sharply*) Ah! I recognize you at a glance. Why did ye come back from the grave? (*makes ludicrous gestures*)

*Jasper.* (*surprised*) Youh—youh mistaken sah! I ain't no—no corpus!

*Per.* Then you deny this terrible crime. Remember sir! that I was present when you murdered your mother-in-law, and not satisfied, then you pitched at your sister and nearly strangled her.

*Jasper.* (*backing off*) Dat ain't so, sah! I nebber murdered my mudder-in-law and den pitch her into de cistern wid de angle worms. It's a case of mistaken identity.

*Per.* (*sneering*) Ha! ha! you play the part well! Your brother has already confessed—

*Jasper.* I tole you, you was alludin' to de wrong chap. I nebber had no brudder, sah!

*Per.* Oh! so much the better! The chain of circumstantial evidence is fast tightening about your worthless body, and soon you will be led to the gallows and there suspended till you are dead, (*yells*) dead, I say!

*Jasper.* (*scared*) What, me, who is as innocent of crime as a spring chicken, to be suspended by my gallowses till I'se deader dan a door nail?

*Per.* Exactly, sir! Are you prepared to enter into the other world?

*Jasper.* (*bravely*) Now look heah, feller, fun is fun, but when you go to gettin' personal, dis chile ain't goin' to stan' it.

*Per.* Go! I can bear your presence no longer; go, tell the whole world that you have seen the greatest living hypnotist. Go, I say!

*Jasper.* (*at door*) Yes, I'll tell de hull world dat I've seen de debbil. (*exit, C. E.*)

*Per.* (*c., noise outside*) Ah! some one approaches. Back to my hiding place. (*hides behind barrels, R.*)

*Enter, ISABEL, L. E., carrying boquet.*

*Isabel.* (*sits c., sighs*) No one can realize the full meaning of home, until they are deprived of it. Uncle Jed is so kind to me,

but his house is not home, home where my dead mother taught me many kind lessons, and father used to be so kind. How could he be so cruel as to drive me away—away—  
(weeps)

*Enter.* DONALD, R. E.

*Donald.* Ah! Miss Isabel, it pains me to see you in tears.

*Isabel.* (rising) Your sympathy is not needed, sir! I desire you to leave my presence at once! (tips hat)

*Donald.* Miss Isabel, how can you be so cruel? I have longed to speak with you alone on the subject which lies nearest my heart.

*Isabel.* I'll not listen, sir! (rises)

*Donald.* But, Miss Western, why is it you look upon me with scorn? Have I ever acted otherwise than a gentleman in your presence?

*Isabel.* (hesitates) No—I think not.

*Donald.* Ah! you give me hope, Miss Western! (seizes her hand) Isabel, can you not see that I care for you—love you!

*Isabel.* (starts back) Sir!

*Donald.* Do not scorn me, Isabel—

*Isabel.* Stop I say! How dare you speak words of love to me?

*Donald.* Because I love you madly, Isabel,

*Enter,* ROBERT, L. E., stops quickly.

and can withhold the truth no longer. Isabel, is not my love honorable?

*Robert.* Far from it, Donald Reeves. Ah! you play your cards well.

*Donald.* So you sneak around, eh! like a thief in the night. Miss Isabel, this is the man you profess to love? Does his conduct speak well for a gentleman?

*Robert.* Refer the question to yourself, Donald Reeves. Is your conduct at all gentlemanly? Can you not see that your presence is distasteful to the lady?

*Isabel.* Gentlemen, there must be no quarreling here, I forbid it.

*Robert.* No, we'll not talk further if it's your wish. I will accompany you to the house. (offers arm, she takes it, exit, both L. E.)

*Donald.* Curse the luck! How beautiful Isabel is. I never quite realized it before; but that Robert Shelden, curse him! he is a stumbling block. I'll not endure such treatment another instant. I'll follow them and demand satisfaction. (starts toward L.)

*Per.* (comes down from behind barrels) Don't do it, Reeves, don't do it.

*Donald.* Oh! it's you, is it? What right have you to interfere in my affairs?

*Per.* Your affairs, eh? Can you not see that young Shelden has got her, soul, heart and all? She don't care one whit for you, Reeves.

*Donald.* That cursed Shelden is to blame for it all, and I shall have satisfaction. (starts again)

*Per.* Wait, Donald, you're a foolish man!

*Donald.* I've no time to loose, sir! with such as you!

(starts again)

*Per.* I tell you, you're foolish. She'll never marry you—besides

you have another one to take care of now. I tell you, you shan't go!

*Donald.* Sir! I care not for your threats! *(starts again)*

*Per.* *(draws revolver)* Go at your peril, sir! You mean to mar the happiness of two human beings, perhaps forever. It's all wrong, and I'm goin' to see justice done. Two's a company an' three's a crowd, Reeves. PEREGRINE stands c. with leveled revolver, REEVES, L., cowed

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Woods scene—PEREGRINE discovered seated on camp stool.

*Per.* *(reading note)* "Splatter, the woman in black is thwarting all my plans." *(aloud)* He can't say wife to save his soul. "Get her out of my way to-day, or not another cent do you get. Out of my way forever, I say." *(throws note on ground)* It does beat all how that woman does pester Reeves. Then he intends to close the bank, if I fail to connect? Then open goes this flytrap. It's been shut a good many years, but if it's ever set in motion, it's liable to cause a terrific cyclone in this vicinity. *(picks up note, puts in pocket)* I'll keep you for future reference. I wonder if Reeves really thinks that I'll resort to murder in this case? Never will I stain my hands in blood, friend Reeves. *(looks L.)* Ah! speak of the devil, and you know the rest. *(rises)*

*Enter, DONALD, L. E., hurriedly.*

*Donald.* (c.) Look here, Splatter, something must be done at once. I say at once!

*Per.* I heard you say it, and I was just wonderin' why you wasn't doing it while you were telling me of it.

*Donald.* Now look here, Splatter, I am getting heartily sick of your nonsense. It's high time we have an understanding.

*Per.* Oh! I understand you perfectly, Donald Reeve, and I understand that you consider me a sort of tool in your hands. The quicker you dispel this thought from your mind, Reeves, the quicker we'll understand each other. If your wife—or the woman in black, as you choose to call her, molests you, it's no affair of mine.

*Donald.* Then you refuse to do my bidding?

*Per.* Now look here, Reeves, you wish to have this woman put out of the way, in short, to murder her, and furthermore, you wish me to do the deed. I say, no! my neck is long enough without being stretched.

*Donald.* Very well, you have proven yourself a false friend, and not another cent do you get from me.

*Per.* Friend, eh! Did I ever profess to love you to that extent? God help me if I ever did. I know your secret, Donald Reeves, your shining gold has kept it. No gold, no helpee, Reeves! *(laughs)* That's Chinese, but it goes allee samee. *(sits)*

*Donald.* And I heartily wish you would go, I care not where, that I might never see your face again. Dan Fox must have been hard up for friends, when he came across you. *(exit, L. E.)*

*Per.* Dan Fox knew his business, my cunning friend, and some day something may turn up to prove it. Look well to your secret, Donald Reeves, lest you are caught in a storm that will completely overwhelm you.

*Enter, POLLY, R. E., crying, rubbing eyes.*

*Polly.* The cruel thing. I shan't never love him any more—*(weeps)* boo-hoo. He's gone an' left me, an' I can't find him.

*Per.* *(aside)* Ah! she's looking for me perhaps. What a deuced pretty girl, an' so young, too. Brace up Splatter. *(aloud)* Ah! fair damsel, would thou tell me the cause of those tears?

*Polly.* *(surprised, sees PEREGRIN)* Sir!

*Per.* Ah! fair maid, fear not, I'm not the Cardiff Giant, I'm perfectly harmless.

*Polly.* *(sobs)* Well—who—who are you?

*Per.* Most anybody, fair maid; but if I understand rightly, you have lost something or somebody?

*Polly.* None of your business if I have.

*Per.* Ah! fair maiden, I see you are angry with me. Did—did you ever read the book Cinderella?

*Polly.* Anything 'bout Indians, is it?

*Per.* No, not exactly, but it tells of a beautiful maiden, and do you know, you remind me of Cinderella.

*Polly.* I don't care, I like to read about Indians the best, and about brave cowboys, how they carry innocent young girls off to some cave, an' then get married. Them's my kind of stories.

*Per.* You don't say? *(takes novel from pocket)* Here's the latest edition of the Star Library, "Red Nosed Mike, the Terror of Peanut Ridge."

*Polly.* *(snatches it from his hand)* Give it to me, quick!

*(she looks it over eagerly)*

*Per.* You got it, thank you.

*Polly.* Oh! isn't this nice. The hero has just shot an Indian, who was concealing the hero's betrothed. Now the hero is flying to the villian's cave for revenge. *(to PEREGRIN)* Oh! Mister, fly with me to some hidden cave, where we can find this living monster.

*Per.* *(backing up)* Me fly with you to some cave? Why madam, I'm no air ship, and besides—I—I have a wife and thirteen children.

*Polly.* A wife and thirteen children, and I—I believed you were single! *(stamps foot)* Oh! you villain, I'll not sleep until I have proclaimed to the whole world what a heartless wretch you are!

*(exit, R. E.)*

*Per.* Gee whiz! another speculation busted. Well, by the time she gets that novel read, she'll be a full fledged wild west show, I'm thinkin'.

*Enter, JAMES, L. E., hurriedly.*

*James.* Ah! there she goes, I cannot see how I missed her!

*Per.* Say, my friend, does that girl belong to you?

*James.* No, not exactly, but I expect to have an interest in her some day.

*Per.* I'll give you good advice, friend James, get your life insured, sharpen up your tomahawk and load your revolver, before you get married, you may need them—for—for—women are queer at times.

*James.* Some of them are, but Polly is all right. I declare, she is nearly out of sight. I must catch her. *(exit, R. E.)*

*Per.* If she's reading that novel, he'll about come to the conclu-

sion that she's out of sight. Well, time flies and so must I.  
(*exit*, L., 1 E., *singing* "Needles Eye.")

*Enter*, GEOFFERY, L., 2 E., *with walking stick*.

*Geoff.* (*slowly*) Each step brings me nearer the old home. Ah! how true brother Jed's words have proven: "The curse will come home to you, brother," and oh! how soon. Oh! Isabel, this rash deed has broken your poor old father's heart. Why did I turn you away? (*looks L.*) What do I see! Isabel and Robert Sheldon coming this way. Oh! he has caused all this misery and shame, and she still clings to him. Ah! heartless child, you have chosen between your father and this reprobate. So be it, I'll leave you to your fate.  
(*exit*, R., 2 E.)

*Enter*, ROBERT and ISABEL, L. E., *in traveling dress*.

*Isabel.* (*looks back*) Oh! Robert, I cannot help but think—

*Robert.* There, Isabel, you are hesitating again. I cannot bear to see you remain here any longer. We will flee from here to where we can live happily and unmolested.

*Isabel.* But Robert, what would father say when he learned that we had ran away together?

*Robert.* What would he say? He can say no more than he has already, Isabel.

*Isabel.* And Uncle Jed, what would he say? (*JEDEDIAH is heard whistling off R.*) Why Robert, he is coming this way now. Come away Robert, I can not meet him.

*Robert.* No, Isabel, 'tis best that he should know all.

*Enter*, JEDEDIAH, R. E., *carrying a scythe, whistling*.

*Jed.* Ah! good day, children. I've been hayin' it a little, but don't mind me. I declare, you both look as sober as a goose in a cyclone. Don't mind me. Go an' enjoy yourselves; but I tell ye Bob, it's mighty tough getting long up to the house when Isabel is away. Seems as though the old house had lost all its charm, and she's (*ISABEL sobs*) only been with me a little while. (*starts along*) There, there, Isabel, don't mind me, I couldn't help sayin' it. Don't cry, I say, I'll not stop ye any longer. (*starts to exit*, L. E.)

*Robert.* Ah! Mr. Western, Isabel and I have decided to go away.

*Jed.* (*coming down, puzzled*) Go—go—ing away?

*Robert.* Yes, we're going away, away from these unpleasant memories, to other lands where we can live peacefully as man and wife.

*Jed.* (*starts*) Man and wife? Isabel, tell me that it's not true, tell me that I did not hear aright. (*choking*) No—no Isabel, you're not married to—to Bob?

*Isabel.* (*starts toward him*) No, no!

*Robert.* No, Mr. Western, we're not man and wife. Cruel fate has kept us apart.

*Jed.* Thank God!

*Robert.* What? You too turn against me? I at least counted you a friend.

*Jed.* Yes, Bob, I'm your best friend. Children, I'm glad I met

you just as I did. Bob, I wouldn't thought you'd a done this, after you'd known that I'd given my sacred promise to take keer of an' purtect Isabel, and you forgot your promise too. Brother Geoffery hain't give his consent to your marriage, Bob, and I can't let (*chokes*) her go no how, she seems like my own child.

*Robert.* Perhaps I have done wrong Uncle Jed, but your brother has wronged me so.

*Isabel.* Robert, we'd best not go. We'll wait and perhaps the dark clouds which hover over us, may pass away and the beautiful sunshine greet us on all sides.

*Jed.* Yes, my child, God tempers the wind to the "shorn lamb," and Robert, perhaps you may thank your Unele Jed some day for this interference. Come back to the old home with me, both of ye, and we'll kill the fatted shanghai rooster, and forget the unpleasant things of this life.

*Robert.* Yes, Uncle Jed, we'll go back, and as we go, we'll hope, yes, and pray that God will guide us in the future. (*exeunt*, L. E.)

*Enter*, CHARITY, R. E.

*Charity.* (*looking L.*) A happy trio indeed. Ah! Donald Reeves, are you a blind fool, that you seek to mar the happiness of so worthy a couple?

*Enter*, DONALD, L., 2 E., *backing in*, does not see CHARITY.

*Donald.* Ah! there they go arm in arm! Curse that vagabond—Robert Shelden, but I'll not be balked in this race. The fair Isabel shall be my wife.

*Charity.* Not if I can prevent it, Donald Reeves!

*Donald.* (*whirls about*) Eaves dropping, eh? (*starts toward her, aside*) I'd like to strangle her.

*Charity.* (*raising hand*) Do not touch me, sir!

*Donald.* (*sneering*) Oh! I'm harmless, my dear. (*quickly*) Now look here, my fine lady, I want to know just what you intend to do, (*sneering*) so that I may be prepared to meet your—your demands?

*Charity.* I mean to expose you, sir! I can see your intentions plainly, and I warn you to repent while there is yet time. The young lady you (*mockingly*) profess to love, is as much above you, as the stars above the earth.

*Donald.* Perhaps so, but it's no concern of yours. I tell you I shall court the lady, and if it results in—in marriage, very well, Western has the rocks, that is sufficient.

*Charity.* (*starts R.*) It shall never be, Donald Reeves, I'll go to the lady this very hour, and expose your many crimes. What do you suppose she will say when I tell her that you are a murderer?

*Donald.* (*draws knife*) You'll never live to tell such a story, madam. The game is too far gone to be upset now, I am determined. (*rushes for her, she screams, he stabs her, she falls C., he drops knife, falls back nervously*) I had to do it. 'Twas the only alternative. (*looks L.*) Ah! Robert Shelden is approaching. The knife bears his name; now to fasten this crime upon him, I'll send for an officer. (*exit*. R. E.)

*Enter, ROBERT, L. E., does not see CHARITY.*

*Robert.* It is singular that it should slip my mind. I was to have met the woman in black here. (*sees CHARITY*) What! (*kneels*) Yes, 'tis she—murdered! (*picks up knife*) Yes, murdered by some cruel assassin.

*Enter, DONALD, R. E.*

*Donald.* A very interesting tableau indeed.

*Robert.* Donald Reeves, there has been murder done here. Perhaps you know more than you choose to tell. (*drops knife*)

*Donald.* (*feigns surprise*) Murder, eh! I declare, it's that strange woman, too.

*Robert.* Not much of a stranger to you, I'm thinking.

*Donald.* Now see here, Shelden, enough of your taunts. (*sneers*) I declare Shelden, this places you in a very awkward position indeed. Of course this deed will be thoroughly investigated. You will be the victim, I the only witness.

*Robert.* What do you mean, sir?

*Donald.* Is it not plain to be seen that you will be suspected?

*Robert.* I suspected of murder?

*Donald.* Of course, 'twould naturally take that aspect. Did I not see you bending over the body, and did you not have the knife in your hand when I entered? What better evidence is needed.

*Robert.* Ah! you scheming villain, this is another way you seek to triumph over me?

*Donald.* Call it what you may. Justice must be done in this case. (*looks off L.*) The Colonel and his servant are approaching—

*Robert.* I must not be seen here—

*Donald.* Preparing to flee, Shelden? Looks bad if you are an innocent man. (*laughs*)

*Enter, GEOFFERY and JASPER, L. E.*

*Geoff.* (*sees CHARITY*) What is the meaning of this scene?

*Donald.* Murder! (*whispers to JASPER, who exits, R. E.*)

*Geoff.* Murder—this woman murdered, and have you no clue? (*picks up knife*) A most cowardly deed. (*looks at knife, starts back*) Why, why this knife bears your name, Shelden. It can't be that you know anything about this dastardly deed? (*SHELDEN starts*)

*Robert.* No knowledge, whatever, sir!

*Donald.* More perhaps than he wishes to own, Mr. Western. My evidence alone will convict him. (*looks L.*) Ah! here comes the officer.

(*to OFFICER*) Sir! I found Shelden bending over this woman with the knife in his hand, arrest him.

*Enter, OFFICER, L. E.*

*Officer.* Robert Shelden, you may consider yourself under arrest for the murder of this lady.

*Enter, JEDEDIAH and ISABEL, R. E.*

*Jed.* Yes, he's here, I knowed we'd find him. (*stops quickly*)

*Isabel.* Has the lady fainted?



*Geoff.* (*slowly*) Isabel, my child, this scene is a sad one. The one whom you have loved, the one who has blasted my hopes and caused me to drive you from home, stands yonder with a terrible crime upon his soul.

*Isabel.* Father, has there been murder, and—and did Robert—no tell me it's not so. (*falls back*)

*Robert.* Isabel, my darling—

*Geoff.* Silence, you scoundrel! Isabel, your poor father has suffered on his account, but he comes for you to-day, and will welcome you back to the old home. (*she joins him*)

*Jed.* (*in front of ROBERT*) Bob, my boy, I'm sorry for ye. Everything looks bad. Perhaps there's some mistake, we'll hope so anyhow.

*Robert.* Yes, there is a terrible mistake, Uncle Jed.

*Geoff.* Brother, see he's a murderer now.

*Robert.* In the sight of the world perhaps, but not in the sight of the Great Judge. (*starts forward*) Isabel, have you not one parting look, one last word to cheer me and give me courage?

*Isabel.* (*turns away*) No, no, father take me from this place.

(*exit, ISABEL and GEOFFERY, L. E.*)

*Robert.* (*aside*) She too turns from me, the one whom I hoped and prayed would not believe me guilty. Oh! I care not what becomes of me now.

*Donald.* Robert Shelden, you have my sincere sympathy. You have lost your lady love. If I can do anything to uphold you in her eyes, I'll do it gladly. (*laughs, looks L.*) Ah! there she goes now, a good time to begin. I'll join them; but no, I must wait and see you safely off.

*Officer.* We must go. If you have any directions to leave, you may do so.

*Robert.* Uncle Jed, I yet have hopes. Tell brother James that I am accused of murder. Thank heaven, there's no mother's heart to break, no father's name to ruin forever, but I tell you Uncle Jed, as they look over the portals of heaven, they know where the guilt lies. I am ready. (*exit, ROBERT and OFFICER, L. E.*)

*Jed.* And this is the boy I've called, my Bob? Accused of murder. But this woman in black, what could Bob know of her?

*Donald.* A great deal which he did not choose to tell.

*Jed.* Seems so, sir! but don't mind me. I can't drive ye from off this green earth, so I'll go myself. (*exit, R. E.*)

*Donald.* (*laughs*) Alone again, after passing through this dramatic scene; but no, here comes the devil again.

*Enter, PEREGRINE, L. E.*

*Per.* I met the Officer with Bob Shelden. (*sees CHARITY*) Oh! I see, there's been murder here and Shelden is accused! By whom?

*Donald.* Me sir!

*Per.* (*sneers*) You! Some of your devilish work, eh? Are you sure, Donald Reeves, that this (*points to CHARITY*) is not some of your work?

*Donald.* Sir! Dare you insinuate.

*Per.* Not hardly, Reeves, for fear that you might take a notion to put an end to my miserable existence. Remember, I understand you perfectly. You killed that woman—your wife!

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

A lapse of one month.

SCENE.—Same as Act 1st.—POLLY seated at table, head on hand in reclining position.

*Polly.* (*sighs*) □ Oh! what a change in six month's time. Only think 'twas six months ago to-day, that James came back from the West and—told me that he loved me still—but—but now he can't—can't spend time to notice me, but I suppose he's so busy tryin' to get poor Bob pardoned out of jail. Poor boy, I know he ain't guilty, but before another three months, there'll be no Robert Shelden, for he's to be hanged, and that will about break poor James's heart and mine too. (*crys*) Boo-hoo!

*Enter, JAMES, C. E.*

*James.* Now look here, Polly, six months ago, I entered this same room and found you in this same condition.

*Polly.* (*jumps*) And do you care for your own dear Polly, just—just as much as you did then?

*James.* More, my dear.

*Polly.* But James, Robert—

*James.* Robert! (*joyfully*) I came to tell you, Polly! You'll not lisp a word?

*Polly.* Not a one!

*James.* Well my dear, there's one vacant cell in yonder jail, but to-night, we are in hopes, it will be occupied by Donald Reeves.

*Polly.* Why James, you can't mean that Robert is free, innocent?

*James.* Yes, yes! There, I've said too much. Don't ask me any more, Polly. There'll be startling disclosures here to-day. It's a secret now. Not a word.

*Polly.* Why James, I never—

*James.* I'm just happy, Polly, that's all. Just dropped in to prepare you for a genuine surprise. (*at door*) My lips are sealed, my eyes are pealed; the cards have been dealt and this sham revealed—ta-ta. (*exit, C. E.*)

*Polly.* The cruel heartless thing, how does he suppose I can understand such nonsensical language? I declare, he's a nice actin' thing for a man who's brother, is goin' to be hanged by the neck till he's dead. I can't understand it nohow.

*Enter, PEREGRINE, C. E., quickly.*

*Her.* Don't try, my peach. Refer it to me, I'm capable of solving it—nit!

*Polly.* You!

*Per.* Yes, me! Do you doubt my truth and veracity? Ah: my fair Cinderella—

*Polly.* Don't Cinderella me, sir! You're too fresh, sir! and I don't care that (*snaps finger*) for fresh young men. (*exit, R. E., pompously*)

*Per.* (*dropping into chair*) What a long tail our cat's got. Wouldn't that poach an egg? She's dead stuck on me—that is, I think she

could learn to love me in time. Oh! but then there are others. (*looks around room*) And so this is Col. Western's mansion, and it's fit for the queen that reigns here.

*Enter, ISABEL and DONALD, C. E., do not see PEREGRINE.*

*Donald.* And only to think, Isabel, only one short week before our marriage.

*Isabel. (with surprise)* So soon! I had nearly forgotten—

*Donald.* How could you, Isabel. I count the moments, everyone— (*sees PEREGRINE*) Well sir! what do you want?

*Per.* Keep on courting, Reeves, you're doing handsomely, but perhaps you are counting your chickens before they're hatched.

*Donald.* Leave me with this man, Isabel, and I will see what he wants. (*exit, ISABEL, R. E.*) Now see here, Splatter, this is a pretty mess.

*Per.* Not at all. Then you intend to marry her, do you?

*Donald.* Yes, sir! one week from to-day.

*Per.* Going to keep her in the same grand style you did your previous wife?

*Donald.* Hush, sir! you will be overheard.

*Per.* Very well. You hadn't thought, Reeves, that there might, perhaps, something happen to prevent this marriage.

*Donald.* Sir! you have not opened your accursed mouth? If you have, I've a mind to end your worthless life.

*Per.* Worthless, eh! I'd give more for it to-day than for yours. Just think of it, I would be victim number three.

*Donald.* Do you mean to insinuate that I murdered her?

*Per. (rises)* There is no need for insinuation, when the truth is known.

*Donald. (rushes at him)* You base hypocrite!

(*PEREGRINE pushes him across stage*)

*Per. (at door)* From this day on, Donald Reeves, we are quits. Look well to your plans, lest they get nipped in the bud. (*exit, C. E.*)

*Donald.* Curse him, he means mischief. Why did I allow my anger to carry me so far, but I'm not afraid. His confession is worthless. They would not believe it. Dan Fox is dead, and dead men tell no tales. (*exit, R. E.*)

*Enter, JEDEDIAH and ISABEL, C. E.*

*Jed.* Yes, my dear, I have allus entertained a high opinion of Bob, and no one regrets this terrible affair more than myself.

*Isabel.* And is his guilt so fully proven, that there is no way to save him?

*Jed.* Can't tell, child, there may somethin' turn up; but say, Isabel, don't mind me, but what are that Donald Reeves intentions here?

*Isabel. (turns away)* It's father's desire, Uncle Jed, that I become his wife. Oh! Uncle Jed, I am so miserable!

*Jed.* There child, if this is your father's wish, I've no right to dissuade you; but—but remember, my child, if—if he should prove untrue to you—your Uncle Jed will see that justice is done, but don't mind me.

*Isabel.* I must go now, Uncle Jed, father is coming, and perhaps

he wishes to talk to you alone.

(*exit, L. E.*)

*Jed.* (*sits c.*) So she's goin' to marry Donald Reeves? Well, why should I say anything against it? I don't like his looks nohow.

*Enter, GEOFFERY, R. E.*

Good-morning, Geoffery.

*Geoff.* Good-morning, sir!

*Jed.* (*pulls out paper*) Brother, I've come down this mornin' on a kinder charitable mission. You heerd 'bout the lightnin' strikin' durin' the recent storm, didn't ye?

*Geoff.* I think so!

*Jed.* Well sir! it struck the widder Jones' barn, run down the side and killed her finest Jersey heifer, two settin' hens, and that old horse she uster drive. Some of my neighbors got together, and we raised a little money to kinder help the widder out.

*Geoff.* (*takes paper*) Yes, I'll give.

(*signs*)

*Jed.* 'Spose you ain't seen Bob lately?

*Geoff.* Yes, I saw the poor unfortunate at the jail yesterday. I believe he has almost given up hopes himself.

*Jed.* Poor Bob, I'd believe in his innocence, if the hull world swears against him.

*Enter, PEREGRINE, L. E., neatly dressed in a stylish suit, carries a satchel, which contains disguise worn in previous scenes.*

*Per.* (*c.*) Back again in my old neighborhood, and you don't recognize me.

*Jed.* (*rises*) Don't, eh? Why Seth Franklin, I'd know ye, if I saw ye at a circus.

(*shakes his hand*)

*Geoff.* And this is indeed Seth Franklin? Not much changed either, on taking the second glance.

(*shakes hands with him*)

*Per.* Yes, I'm not much changed. I'm back again from the boundless prairie to my old home.

*Jed.* (*laughing*) I don't 'spose you came back to finish that book, on "How to be a successful farmer?"

*Per.* (*laughs*) Not hardly. I have far better ideas, though on farming, than I had in those days, but I am here for a purpose far more important.

*Enter, DONALD, R. E.*

*Donald.* Mr. Western—(*PEREGRINE turns about*) My God, Dan Fox!

*Per.* Yes, Dan Fox, an old acquaintance of yours.

*Donald.* (*nervously*) Why, I thought you dead!

*Per.* (*laughs*) Dead, eh! How foolish to think that Dan Fox would die while there was justice to be done.

*Enter, ISABEL, ROBERT, POLLY and JAMES, R. E.*

*Geoff.* Great heavens! Robert Shelden, can this be you? How came you here?

*Isabel.* Father, he comes as a free man. The guilt lies elsewhere.

*Donald.* Mr. Western, you are blind that you do not order the arrest of that murderer, Robert Shelden.

*James.* (*draws revolver*) Not so fast, Donald Reeves! For the time being, just imagine that you are my prisoner, and dare to make a single suspicious move and I'll blow the life out of you without a moment's hesitation.

*Donald.* Mr. Western, this is some base plot concocted simply to involve me. I should like to know on what charge you arrest me?

*Per.* (*steps forward*) I'll explain. Not only is this man guilty of murder in Texas, but of a similar crime in this village. (*takes paper from pocket*) I refer to the woman in black, who, by the way, was his own wife.

*Donald.* 'Tis false, sir! every word.

*Per.* Not a word of it. As Dan Fox, I witnessed your crime in Texas, and as Peregrine Splatter, the remains of which is before you, (*opens satchel and displays disguise*) I witnessed the murder of your wife.

*James.* (*takes PEREGRINE'S hand*) Dan Fox, by jove! and I saved your life once.

*Per.* You did, sir! and Poet Jimmy, I recognized you the moment I saw you.

*James.* Ah! Donald Reeves, I've a mind to blow you out of existence. (*JEDEDIAH takes his arm*)

*Jed.* Don't mind me, Jim, but handle him carefully, 'twould give me more satisfaction ter see his neck stretched.

*Geoff.* And so Donald Reeves, you are found out, thank God, in time to save my daughter from disgrace.

*Donald.* And so you believe their stories, eh? As for you, Robert Sheldon, you have suffered, but not half enough. (*at c. e.*) My curses upon you all. (*OFFICER leads him out c. e.*)

*Geoff.* You have been cruelly wronged, Robert, Isabell, all caused by my blindness. Take her Robert, you have won her nobly.

*Jed.* I've looked fer just such a scene as this, brother. I said everything would turn out all right, and so it has, and we'll all look for happiness in the future.

*Robert.* Yes, now that the dark clouds have passed away, we will forget the past and hope that the future may be brighter.

(*joins ISABEL—JAMES and POLLY come down hand in hand*)

*James.* My dear Colonel Western, you have no doubt noticed, ere this, that Polly and I—

*Geoff.* (*interrupting*) Haven't I though? To save further argument, I'll consent at once, the rest remains with Polly.

*James.* What do you say, Polly?

*Polly.* Yes! yes! yes!

*James.* Very well! Who's next?

*Jed.* I guess Jim, you're the last. Now that everything is all fixed satisfactory, it is the wish of your Uncle Jed, that no more dark shadows may come inter your life and drive out the happiness, and that you'll all resolve to be your brother's keeper from now on.

*Per.* There's my hand on it, Jed. (*they shake*) I've come home to stay and take up work again on the old farm, no longer as Dan Fox, but as Seth Franklin, a cowboy farmer, and Jed, you come over some day, and I'll teach you how to shoot flies off a hen's ear.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

# THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

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A Drama in 3 Acts, by Thorn Melross, for 6 male and 2 female characters. This piece is immense. It is printed from the author's original manuscript, and has been produced with great success by the American Theatre Co.

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Home of the late Richard Marlow. Interview between Frank Ross and Lawyer Dudley. The pious deacon and Verda Miller. Reading the will. Joe's dog collar. Richard Marlow, the false heir. The child of the Dark Continent in trouble. Three villains. "Ten thousand to silence my tongue!" Zadie, the deserted wife of John Dudley. An attempted murder. Joe's little "barker" interferes. Deacon and Joe. Frank and Verda; his resolve to become a "Commercial Drummer." Zadie gives Verda a home. Mr. Dudley's proposal to Verda, and the misunderstanding. Murder of Deacon Foote, and Frank accused. The struggle, "life or death!"

ACT II. Zadie, Verda, and the tramp. "Painted benches." "My kingdom for some soup!" Booth and Zadie. Attempted murder of Zadie; Ashtor, the tramp interferes, and makes Dudley hand over a "William." Booth and the Indian. Too much beer. The stolen will. Joe in the barrel. Target shooting. Verda's refusal to marry Dudley. Abduction of Verda, and Joe knocked down.

ACT III. Ashtor and Booth. Corn plasters; "There's millions in them!" Olie, the Swede. Zadie, the Census taker. Two "bummers!" Rescue of Verda by Zadie. Frank discovered by Richard, as Booth. "He must die!" A job for Olie. "In the soup!" Hot and cold boxes. Olie and Booth to the rescue of Zadie. Explanations. A new version of McGinty. A love scene. Capture of Verda. Supposed death of Booth. Fright and death of Dudley. Capture of Richard. Frank and Verda secure the fortune at last. Zadie avenged and the "Commercial Drummer" sells corn plasters no more.

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ACT I. *Scene I.*—Russell Freeman's home—The day's events reviewed—The reporter in luck—A brave rescue—"Juicy watermillions"—The Aristocratic gent arrives—That awful disease love, afflicts Sambo—Caleb overhears a little private conversation—A strike imminent—Sharp begins his scheming—Caleb up to snuff—"I'm an aristocrat, one of the 400!" *Scene II.*—Caleb soliloquizes—"I am Paradise Lost!"—A heated interview between Golden and Sharp—The demand refused—"Tar and feathers"—The aristocrat on deck—The verdict—"No cause of action!"—Caleb introduces his celebrated court plaster.

ACT II.—Caleb writes a letter—The Reporter discusses the strike and "Sound Money"—"Knocks counterfeit silly"—Caleb's views of the strike—A dark discussion, in which Dinah is badly misused—The false friend—"My day will come, sir!"—Caleb Cork—"Oh! I'm onto you"—Sambo secures his 'tachment papers—The false friend in a new sole—Golden discharged from the mill—Sharp triumphant, and Caleb sells more court plaster.

ACT III. *Scene I.*—Wood scene—Guy prepares to leave, visions of the past—The Aristocrat again on hand—"Turn back, my lad"—Dinah gains a point, and Sambo nearly loses his ear—The striker's face starvation—Sharp in the toils—The trap sprung. *Scene II.*—Freeman's home—Colored courtship—Caleb Cork as a peace maker—Golden's story—Warren Sharp in the hands of the strikers—David tell a story, Caleb follows suit—The day of reckoning—Warren Sharp leaves in disgrace—The Reporter puzzled—Guy is reinstated at the mill—Caleb presents the reporter of the Daily Grit with one of his double jointed, double action, stick tight court plasters.

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ACT II.—Susan's explanation.—"Slang Debolishers Union"—"You'd better begin at home!"—A widower—"Good land! if I could not get something better than a widower, I wouldn't feel fit to soar to the land of milk and honey!"—Sam Sly, Polly's lover, who is a widower.—"If he does not propose, I will!"—Susan and Sam Sly.—Love scene between Polly and Sly, which Susan discovers. Her anger, and fall.—Susan and Sly loose their wigs.

ACT III.—Joshua Pratt.—Susan's fear of men.—"Help! help!" Discovers Joshua—Ridiculous love scene between Susan and Joshua. "There's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream."—Rats. "Help! thieves!"—"It might run up my leg!"—The rescue.—Susan announces her engagement and determination to go home and get married.—The departure.

ACT IV.—Home of Susan Tabitha—Sallie—Discovery of Joshua's poverty—Susan's anger and disappointment—"Can we get up?"—Susan cuffs Joshua's ears—Dinner—"Can we eat dinner?"—Susan relates her experience to Sallie—Telegram—Arrival and cool reception of Charles Westfield and wife—Joshua sleeps—Susan knocks over his chair, pulls his hair—A bank check—Susan's promise.—Happy ending.



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ASH WEDNESDAY.....	Monk.
GOOD FRIDAY.....	Women at cross.
EASTER.....	Chorus of girls in white.
MAY DAY.....	May queen, chorus of children.
MEMORIAL DAY.....	Two soldiers.
JULY FOURTH.....	Uncle Sam, boys.
EMANCIPATION DAY.....	Darkey.
HALLOWE'EN.....	Group of girls.
THANKSGIVING DAY.....	Man, little girl.
CHRISTMAS.....	Group of children.

# Katie's Deception;

—OR,—

## The Troublesome Kid

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters  
Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright  
sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character.  
Farmer from "Way back" answers  
Katie's matrimonial advertisement.  
Characters are all good.  
Price 15 cents.

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## Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female  
characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man  
character is excellent, is always buying umbrellas, but never has one  
when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece.  
Price 15c.

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## Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of  
playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutch-  
man is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproariously  
funny—

## HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience,  
8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing  
20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

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## Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F.  
Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no  
scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed  
in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress—girls carry a  
Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily  
understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake.  
Price 15 cents.

NEW PLAYS.  
Stupid Cupid, Farce.  
Trixie, Drama.  
Stub, Drama.

Our Summer Boarders, Farce.  
Tagee, the Wait, Drama.

# Ames' Plays---Continued.

	M. F.	NO.		M. F.
Our Awful Aunt.....	4	4	8 Better Half.....	5 2
Jut in the Streets.....	6	4	86 Black vs. White.....	4 2
Rescued.....	5	3	22 Captain Smith.....	3 3
Saved.....	2	3	84 Cheek Will Win.....	3 0
Turn of the Tide.....	7	4	287 Cousin Josiah.....	1 1
Three Glasses a Day.....	4	2	225 Cupids Capers.....	5 4
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room..	7	3	317 Cleveland's Reception Party.	4 8
Wrecked.....	9	3	249 Double Election.....	9 1
<b>COMEDIES.</b>				
24 A Day In A Doctor's Office..	5	1	49 Der Two Surprises .....	1 1
36 A Legal Holiday.....	5	3	72 Deuce is in Him.....	6 1
168 A Pleasure Trip.....	7	3	19 Did I Dream It.....	4 3
124 An Afflicted Family.....	7	5	220 Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
257 Caught in the Act.....	7	3	188 Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3 0
248 Captured.....	6	4	42 Domestic Felicity.....	1 1
178 Caste.....	5	3	148 Eh? What Did You Say.....	3 1
176 Factory Girl.....	6	3	218 Everybody Astonished.....	4 0
207 Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8	3	224 Fooling with the Wrong Man	2 1
199 Home.....	4	3	233 Freezing a Mother-in-Law..	2 1
174 Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3	3	154 Fun in a Post Office.....	4 2
158 Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt....	1	1	184 Family Discipline.....	0 1
149 New Years in N. Y.....	7	6	274 Family Jars.....	5 2
37 Not So Bad After All.....	6	5	209 Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5 3
237 Not Such a Fool as He Looks	6	3	13 Give Me My Wife.....	3 3
338 Our B'ys.....	6	4	307 Hallabahoola, the Medicine	4 3
126 Our Daughters.....	8	6	66 Hans, the Dutch J. P. ....	3 1
265 Pug and the Baby.....	5	3	271 Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5 0
114 Passions.....	8	4	116 Hash.....	4 2
264 Prof. James' Experience	4	3	120 H. M. S. Plum .....	1 1
Teaching Country School....	4	3	50 How She has Own Way.....	1 3
219 Rags and Bottles.....	4	1	140 How He Popped the Quest'n.	1 1
239 Scale with Sharps and Flats..	3	2	74 How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4 2
221 Solon Shingle.....	14	2	35 How Stout Your Getting.....	5 2
262 Two Bad Boys.....	7	3	247 Incompatibility of Temper..	1 2
87 The Biter Bit.....	3	2	95 In the Wrong Clothes.....	5 3
131 The Cigarette.....	4	2	305 Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3 2
240 \$2,000 Reward.....	2	0	299 Jimmie Jones.....	3 2
<b>TRAGEDIES.</b>				
16 The Scorf.....	6	3	11 John Smith.....	5 3
<b>FARCES &amp; COMEDIETTAS.</b>				
129 Aar-u-ag-ooos.....	2	1	323 Johannes Blatz's Mistake....	4 3
132 Actor and Servant.....	1	1	99 Jumbo Jum.....	4 3
316 Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3	3	82 Killing Time.....	1 1
289 A Colonel's Mishap.....	5	0	182 Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1 3
12 A Capital Match.....	3	2	127 Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2 2
303 A Kiss in the Dark.....	2	3	228 Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3 0
166 A Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4	2	302 Locked in a Dress-maker's	3 2
30 A Day Well Spent.....	7	5	Room.....	3 0
A Regular Fix.....	2	4	166 Lodgings for Two.....	3 0
A Professional Gardener.....	4	2	288 Love in all Corners.....	5 3
Alarmingly Suspicious.....	4	3	139 Matrimonial Bliss.....	1 1
... A Mud He.....	3	3	231 Match for a other-Min-Law..	2 2
... Criminal.....	3	3	235 More Blunders than one.....	4 3
... Making Father.....	2	2	69 Mother's Fool.....	6 1
... Public.....	4	2	23 My Heart's in Highlands....	4 3
... Attachment.....	3	1	208 My Precious Betsey.....	4 4
.....	3	2	212 My Turn Next.....	4 3
.....	5	4	32 My Wife's Relations.....	4 4
.....	5	1	185 My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0 1
.....	2	2	273 My Neighbor's Wife.....	3 3
			296 Nanka's Leap Year Venture..	5 2
			259 Nobody's Moke.....	5 2
			340 Our Hotel.....	5 3
			334 Olivet.....	3 2
			44 Obedience.....	1 2
			33 On the Sly.....	3 2

# Ames' Plays

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



NO.	M.	F.	NO.
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4	1
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3
180	Ripples.....	2	0
267	Room 44.....	2	0
309	Santa Claus' Daughter.....	5	4
48	Schnaps.....	1	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2
327	Strictly Temperance.....	2	2
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5	0
1	Slasher and Crasher.....	5	2
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3	3
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2	
137	Taking the Census.....	1	1
328	The Landlords' Revenge.....	3	
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3
315	That Rascal Pat.....	3	2
40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2
285	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0
295	The Spellin' Skewl.....	7	6
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4	2
292	Tim Flannigan.....	5	0
142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
276	The Printer and His Devils.....	3	1
263	Trials of a Country Editor.....	6	2
7	The Wonderful Telephone.....	3	1
281	Two Aunt Emilys.....	0	8
312	Uncle Ethan.....	4	3
269	Unjust Justice.....	6	2
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
332	Which is Which.....	3	3
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
56	Wooring Under Difficulties.....	5	3
70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8
135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5
147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
155	Why they Joined the Re- beccas.....	0	4
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3

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325	A Coincidence.....	1	8
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	3
15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	4
98	Black Statue.....	4	4
22	Colored Senators.....	3	3
214	Chops.....	3	3
145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	2
190	Crimps Trip.....	5	5
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
153	Haunted House.....	2	0
230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1
24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
319	In For It.....	3	1
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0
77	Joe's Visit.....	2	1
88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
244	Old Clothes.....	3	0
234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
150	Old Potapey.....	1	1
246	Othello.....	4	1
109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2	0
134	Pomn's Pranks.....	2	0
258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0
177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
107	School.....	5	0
133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
94	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
64	That Roy Sam.....	3	1
253	The Best Cure.....	4	1
232	The Intelligence Office.....	3	0
122	The Select School.....	5	0
113	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
6	The Studio.....	3	3
108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	5
245	Ticket Taker.....	2	1
4	Twain's Dodging.....	2	1
197	Tricks.....	2	1
198	Uncle Jeff.....	2	1
216	Vice Versa.....	2	1
206	Vilkens and Dir.....	2	1
210	Virginia Mump.....	2	1
203	Who Stole the....., by B. F.	2	1
205	William Tj, requiring no	2	1
156	Wig-Mal music is needed	2	1
	Har.....	2	1
	dress—girls carry a	2	1
	of march, so it is easily	2	1
	of Arc at the stake.	2	1

### GUIDE BOOKS.

17	Hints on Elocution.....		
130	Hints to Amateurs.....		
	<b>CANTATA.</b>		
215	On to Victory.....	4	6

The Little Gem Make-Up Book of march, so it is easily  
of Arc at the stake.  
Price 15 cents.